THE GHOST IN

A Story of Green Turtle Bayou.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.



HE Rev. Exodus Sarcoxic, paster of the idea. She arose from the bench, as the trio colored Baptist church passed her on their way to the melon patch, up Green Turtle Bayou, and entered the cabin. Arkansas, was dead. He was a very popu- authority, without consulting her or her lar divine, and it had mother, who was inside the cabin; then, she een his boast that he was not ready to forgive him for having had plunged "mo' married another, hard as he had suffered by lirty sinners in de that union, and she resolved upon a plan, Mississip'" than any which, if speedily carried out, she hoped and other brother minister | believed might drive him away. in the State. Natur- Snatching a sheet off the bed, she crept out

ally, he had a great of a back kitchen window, and cautiously following in the col- picked her way through a burdock thicket ored community in toward the orchard. which he dwelt, and A rude rail fence around the orchard made when the tidings of his an inclosure for the hogs. Job had just

generally circulated there was much wailing basket, which he had brought, with apples, abroad in the land. His cabin was soon when, happening to glance over his shoulder, thronged with visitors and lamenting friends | he saw an awful-looking object that made his | had died in his infancy, and Jack Fleming had from all parts of Green Turtle Bayou, who had harried in to pay their last sad respects to the memory of Exodus Sarcoxie.

About a half score of friends volunteered to robes, waving its arms slowly, as if seeking remain and set up with the corpse, which was | to drive away the apple culprit. not to be interred until the following after-

the good man's favorite niece, Miss Venns | must be his Uncle Exodus Sarcoxie's spook. | her protector and playmate, for even then Jack | he loved. Louisa Sarcoxie, who had come 40 miles from her home up in the hills to gaze her last upon as if transfixed, at the frightful object, then,

the venerable face of her uncle. Miss Venus was a maiden past 30, with away across the orchard, as fast as his shaking stont, rotund figure, and a crown of jetty kinks covering a bead always held defiantly and proudly high. Like all of her race she did not look her age, and had not her friends possessed fertile memories, she might easily have passed for 20. But Miss Sarcoxie had no ambition to appear younger than she really was. The ridicule of being an old maid had to vault the fence, but his muscles were too never disturbed her. Her intimates had always feared her caustic tengue too much to attempt passing jokes with her on her age.

Ten years before Venus had passed several happy months in the Rev. Sarcoxie's household, assisting his wife in various domestic | blast him with its uncanny breath. duties. At the same time Job Robison, Mrs. Sarcoxie's nephew from Alabama, was employed to help with the cotton and the yams on ground. the little cultivated patch over on the hillside.

Job and Venus, thrown almost constantly | help, but his voice died away in a hoarse together, formed a warm attachment for each | whisper. He could see the apparition flutterother. At every campmeeting, or place of ing along almost upon him. amusement which she attended, the Alabama | At that trying moment, however, Job felt darky was her shadow. When the girl gave up dancing and joined her uncle's church, the ground was thickly covered with fallen apdared assert, Job had "gal religion," the prepared to defend himself. time had been when he made some powerful

Job and Venus, with the full approval of specter. uncle and aunt, became engaged to be married. But a trifling quarrel ruffled the surface of the stomach of the ghost; the next struck their stream of love, and they foolishly drifted | violently on the ankle (this ghost happened into the frigid sea of estrangement.

Despite the honest, if blundering, efforts of and uttering a very genuine howl. Job's the Rev. and Mrs. Sarcoxie to bring about a spook went limbing painfully back the way reconciliation between the separated lovers, it had come. the gulf widened and the engagement was declared off. Venus returned to her home among the hills, and Job consoled himself by | pressed deliberately after the ghost. backsliding and "going with" other dusky belles of Green Turtle Bayou.

Venus Sarcoxie had never married, but Job took for a wife one of the sable daughters of some very peculiar pranks for the disembodied the neighborhood, and for eight years he had been wretchedly hen-pecked. At last death had removed his dark Xantippe, and the young widower was again strutting about with all the freedom of a man rid of an in- dent, which changed the whole complexion cubus which had unmercifully held him of the affair. pinned to the wall for eight remorseless

watchers at the Sarcoxie cabin. Since their rain of the night before. disagreement 10 years before he and Venus had not met. Although they had brushed against each other in the cabin, had shed tears side by side over the pastor's dead body, they toward the scene of disaster, the luckless had not spoken to each other.

Venus went out doors and sat down on a of the wallows. bench in the moonlight. Job had been to the spring for a bucket of fresh water. Having deposited his burden on a table near the door, and having quaffed liberally from a big gourd dipper, he remarked:

'Miss Venus, I beliebe," and he approached

Venus looked up from her meditation. "I 'low no one's aimin' to hinder yo's from

beliebin' it." she returned unencouragingly. Job had been through the mill. He had been subjected to far sharper things from woman's tongue than that, else he might have gone away without making a further attempt to open conversation, for Miss Sarcoxie's tone was decidedly cool. "But vo's must 'membeh dat it's been er

pow'ful while sence I done saw yo's las', Miss Venus," he pursued in his most differential manner. "Couldn't be quite sho' dat it was yo's, till yo' speak. Yo's hain't changed much in all dese yeahs, 'cept to grow mo'

"Don't yo's tink I'se changed much?" she asked, half-placated by his seductive compliment. But, quickly resolving not to be won over so easily, she changed her tone: "Well, Job Robison, I'se plumb unable to 'ciprocate de compliment to yo's. Yo's changed fo' de wuss right sma't

"I knowledge I has, Miss Venus," said the lank widower, his voice sad and reflective. "It done meks er man ole an' bony fo' his time te be hitched wid a woman who nags

"I low yo's done married Tildy Jefferson wid bofe yo's eyes open. Yo's was in fo' de hitchen' much as she was. Yo's needn't

blame de woman all, Job Robison," "No, I don't blame her all, Venus. Weuns wasn't 'signed fo' one ernuder, so Uncle Exodus say many er time. It was er judg- the banks of the Antietam, and an old Mary-

''Cause yo's was sech er plumb greeny.' she supplied, and he calmly accepted the term without offering the slightest dissent. There is no telling into what channel the

conversation might have drifted had not some

of the watchers just then come out of the cabin and interrupted them. "Dem Fall pippins' mighty fine jest now," remarked Job. "I'll go down to de orchard an' bring yo's up some te nibble at," and catching up a large willow basket, he walked

away toward an orchard of apple and peach trees that stood some little distance from the "Job acts right te home hyer at Brer Sarcoxie's," whispered Sister Johnsing to Sister Jackson, as they watched Job disappear down

the path. "He's er grit han' te 'sume 'thority." returned Sister Jackson. "Reckon he's got his eye sot on Venus now. Dey done say dat it is very deep, and there seemed really no Brer Sarcoxie lef' dis place te her, 'cause she | way to dislodge the fearfully destructive | cabby's scat and whipped up the horse. It was am his best belobbed niece."

Yes, dat's er fac'." "It's er plumb wondeh," remarked one of the other watchers from the doorway, "dat Job kin be injuced te leave de cabin erlone at dis hour ob de night. Why, Job Robison am one ob de bigges' scared-ob-a-ghost yo's eber seed. Cats! He'd shore run like er plumb the ranks of the Union army."

white-head of he'd see suffin cu'ious an' whitelookin' down dar." "Yes, an' it'd be jes' like de pa'son te be prowlin' roun' in de sperit down dar in his orchard, 'cause he was allus right sma't 'posed te folks mekin' demselves too free wid his fruit widout axin' leaf," put in Sister

"Dat he was," agreed Brer Isaac Waxhide. "It'd sarve Job right, 'cept some ob dem | dudes and refused because they fit.

GRAMERCY-PARK pippins would eat plumb fine, ef he done 'counteh de pa'son's ha'nt down dar." "Why didn't he go te he watermelon patch and let dem pippins erlone?" said Sister Jackson. "De pa'son lobed te treat his

frien's te watermellons, an' I don't reckon

his ha'nt would 'pose our tekin' er few jes' te

set off forthwith in the direction of the de-

stitious proclivities gave Venus Sarcoxie au

She was opposed to Job's taking so much

The dialogue touching Job Robison's super-

ceased divine's watermelon patch.

knees quake and his blood turn cold.

limbs would carry him.

Job was satisfied it could be no creature of

Glancing back he saw with fresh horror that

On and on he ran, stumbling over the

gnarled roots of the trees, until he reached

fright-weakened to carry him over, so he

He could hear distinctly the terrible

Suddenly he ran headlong against the

His first inclination was to cry aloud for

his strength slowly ebbing back to him. The

Gathering up an armful of the hard wind-

The first charge took immediate effect in

to have those parts of the human anatomy)

spirit of so eminent a divine as Exodus Sar-

Despite the crippled ankle it might have

In the orchard were several deep hog-wal-

lows. Some of them were of liberal dimen-

With a shrill shriek that echoed wildly

When the foremost of the vigil-holders

reached the fence around the orchard, the sil-

very moonlight gave them a clear view of Job

They were not long in recognizing in the

"How dis happen, Job Robison?"

Job was equal to the occasion, and with

choly misfortune te step inter one ob dem

Satisfied with the explanation, the brethren

"Venus," said Job in a soft tone, "vou's

"Oh, 'cause!" with a crest-fallen expres-

"I know, 'cause vo's like me vit, an' vo's

side de Bayou. Dat's de reason," said the

And Venus never corrected his view of the

ghost business, and when he urged her to be

Mrs. Robison No. 2 she promptly complied

The Boy Sharpshooter.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrad.]

Hawkins, "I wore the gray at Antietam in

1862, and the prettiest shooting I ever saw oc-

curred on that day. There was a tall tree on

lander's cottage was situated just at its foot

The old man was away and had left a fourteen-

year-old boy to take care of the family. This

boy had managed to climb up into the forks of

this tree, and had probably been at work on

came up, for when they got on the ground he

had intrenched himself up in the forks of the

tree with feather beds, pillows and bolsters,

apparently four or five deep, all around him.

He had prepared for a siege, too, with both

ammunition and food. When the Union army

came within range, his old squirrel rifle picked

off more subordinate officers in a few hours

than the army had lost before in weeks. No

amount of counter-firing did any good. He

would get his old blunderbuss reloaded, and

with close scrutiny you could see its long bar-

rel creep out over his improvised rampart.

and as sure as the crack of the rifle came a

moan and a dead Lieutentnt or other officer

would follow. The Antietam, at the point

where the battle was fought, is narrow, but

till the artillery could run up a gun and train

it on the spot. And will you believe me, the

young sharpshooter actually killed two of the

gunners and wounded a third, and almost

produced a panic before he was dislodged.

He was literally blown to pieces at last, but

not till after he had created consternation in

The Influence of Lunnon.

business?

parlors.

[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

DeLamb-Hello! Wolf. Still in the clothing

Wolf-Yes, I'm at the old stand, keeping fit

Wolf-Fit parlors. I go to the fashionab

tailors and buy at half price the suits made for

DeLamb-Keeping what parlors?

"Speaking of good rifle shots," said John

done scar' me pow'ful. Wot fo' yo's play

sion only half-vailed by the moonlight.

walked back to the cabin, leaving Job and

manded one of the watchers, harshly.

Sarcoxie's reputation, he answered:

of a deep hole.

niece, Venus Sarcoxie.

nasty hog-holes hver."

spook on me?

conceited fellow.

with his wishes.

Venus to follow more slowly.

"'Cause why, Venus?"

"I ain't gwine te tell vo's."

coxie, of Green Turtle Rayon.

trunk of a tree, and came violently to the

object in white tearing along after him, but

he dared not so much as glance back, lest it

the awful apparition had descended from the

fence and was disposed to pursue him.

started away in another direction.

keep up our sperits on dis solemn 'casion."

Br'er Waxhide coincided freely with Sister

The Man, the Maid, and the Manu-Jackson's views, and the upshot of the matter was that the sorrowing brother, followed by the sympathetic sisters, Jackson and Johnsing,

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD.



self seemed light- wraps. hearted. The massive mansions that surround Gramercy Park,

For five years Jack Fleming had lived alone. wealthy charitable institutions. His mother grown up with the servants and his books for companions. He had never seen enough of Elevated on the big rail fence, only a few this earth; in fact there was but one thought One thrilling moment Job Robison gazed, was full of book knowledge, and Dora soon learned to love Shakspere and Milton as read aloud by her hero. basket and fruit alike forgotten, he started

Another great tramping place for the little people was Gramercy Park, for both houses faced the handsome playground, and Mr. Goldthwait and Jack's father were among the outside, and the inmates of the swinging window. The window opened a trifle. Jack started back frightened, but the air was still outside, and the inmates of the room had not favored rich who possessed keys to the great | noticed. How he could hear Dora's voice. It iron gates that shut out the children of the | said: poor, who often lined the iron fence and peered | "Now, Mr. Langdon, let me read the climax wistfully between the bars at the smiling lawn | to you before dinner is announced."

the other side of the inclosure. He attempted | within. was 15 and Dora 12. Then Jack went to college, but every holiday found him at home his own comedy she was reading. again, and often books went by the board and Jack came home on the sly to see his little | The two men leaned forward with interest. sweetheart. Of course, on these occasions he was smuggled into Dora's home, and goodnatured, easy-going Mr. Goldthwait would have thought it the basest treachery for any member of his family to inform his next door neighbor, antly, of the actor. Jack's father, that his son was playing truant. After three years at college Jack was hope- that I have been waiting for." lessly behind in his studies, and his father, still ignorant of the reason, called him a blockhead. Dora. The beautiful girl sank back in her One day Jack received a tender, loving letter chair and went on: "And now I will tell you as her father had just received word from England that he had fallen heir to a large property, including a theater in one of the large lover followed suit; and if, as his associates ples, and as the ghost floated toward him, he cities, and the business of the latter was in ur- friend here named John Fleming. When we gent need of his immediate attention. The family would sail for England immediately. falls he let drive directly at the approaching but Dora wanted Jack to go with them, if he could. A few hours after receiving the letter Jack stood in front of the Goldthwait residence on Gramercy Park. It was closed. No servant answered the bell, and Jack's heart fell like lead. Again he looked at the letter. It was dated two days before, and had been father, but in a mood in which he had never

"You young rascal!" he shouted, as Jack Vastly emboldened by the success of his attack, he armed himself with windfalls and entered. "So you have been wasting your time next door instead of studying." No pleading on the part of Jack could induce It now became the ghost's turn to retreat the turbulent old man to tell where the Gold-There was a wild racing and chasing among

the trees in the orchard, the spook performing "Never mind," thought Jack. "I will hear from her soon, and then "-But no letter came. Weeks lengthened into months, and Jack grew tall and thin. One day he went up to his college town, and an inquiry got off all right had it not been for an acci- at the postoffice elicited the fact that several | tention at once, and I picked it up and read it, letters had come, up to a month ago, but they had been forwarded to Gramercy Park.

That night father and son faced each other "Where are the letters Dora wrote to me? sions and filled with water from the heavy demanded Jack, as he leaned over toward the | - and good news for Jack is-is good news for old man, who stood smiling sarcastically in his

through the orchard and reached the ears of the "I told you that if you refused to return to watchers at the cabin, bringing them rushing college you would regret it," was the reply. Jack turned on his heel and passed out of the

spook went floundering into one of the largest He found it a harder struggle than he expected. His income fluctuated from next to nothing to nothing itself. He became first a wanderer among apartments, then among boarding-houses, and at last an inhabitant of Robison assisting a limp, despoiled figure out "furnished rooms," who ate at cheap restaurants-when he could eat at all.

He had lived a week in a rear-hall bedroom despoiled and dripping figure the late pastor's on Twenty-second street before he discovered that its windows were only separated from those of his old home and that of Dora, on Gramercy Park, by the brief New York backyards in which they used to play together. The Goldthwait house was dark. It had been desperate resolve to save his own and Miss ever since the day Dora left. Next to it, where his father's mansion loomed up against the trees "Miss Venus jest kem down in de orchard beyond, lights were often seen. But strangers te holp gedder de pippins, and had de solemn-

occupied the familiar rooms. One evening just five years since he had left his old life behind him Jack went to his dingy little window to gaze at the two mansions. He shivered with cold; but the blood rushed quickly to his face when he saw the home of the girl he still loved brightly lighted up. For an instant he stood still. amazed. Then he sat down on his bed to think, Finally, downhearted and discouraged, he turned to a great pile of manuscript and rubbish on the floor, and picking a book from the nondescript mass he turned over the leaves. "Twelve plays out," he muttered to himself "five of them probably lost." Only that day aimin' te mek me de happies' niggah on dis he had sent his best and latest comedy to the new English actor who had arrived the day

before. As soon as it was rehearsed (as he doubted not it would be) he would send the others in rotation. For months he had expected success to come with the dawn of every new day, and to-night as he threw himself on his bed, hungry and broken-hearted, he realized the mistake he had made in living in a dream. He made firm resolutions to reform, but as his fingers clinched in newborn resolve his eyes strayed across the habited again—but by strangers, of course,

The next day found Jack poorer and hunlife. For 48 hours he had not tasted food, but his mouth and touched against the pipe. his scheme several days before the armies he determined to breakfast in spite of the almost total emptiness of his pocket-book. He turned his face toward the lower portion of the city, determined to accept whatever work offered itself; but it was a holiday, and after several hours spent in tramping the quiet streets Jack turned his face homeward. As he trudged up Broadway a clatter on the stones behind attracted his attention and a driverless cab dashed into sight. An elderly man was gesticulating wildly from the window. With a bound Jack responded. In another moment the runaway horse stood panting in the roadway, and Jack's sinewy hand was on the bit. 'One dollar to drive me up to Delmonico's,"

shouted the man. "But your driver?" asked Jack. "Drunk in a saloon," was the response. Without another word Jack leaped up to the enemy, so the Union army actually withdrew | the first time he had ever earned a dollar by manual labor, and as he clinched his teeth

firmly a flush mounted to his cheeks. When the once-familiar restaurant came into sight Jack thought, with moisture in his eyes, of the many times he and Dora had lunched in the great dining-room. As he reined up before it, haggard and mud-bespattered, totally differ- illustrative art will be Miss Kate Brownlee ent from his old self, he started with amazement, There, standing on the sidewalk, was the subject of his dream -not the Dora of old, the men who saved the Nation. The illustrawith short frock and curling hair streaming in | tions are from original full-page drawings by the wind, but the beautiful woman into which | J. E. Kelly famous for his spirited designs for

the years had changed her. For a moment Jack could hardly restrain himself from rushing forward and declaring and Barbarism, in which "Columbia" makes his identity. But a thought of his clothes and his work made him stop. He became as anx- usual penalties and rewards of progress. Send ious to hide his face as he had been a moment \$2 to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE and secure an before to tell his name.

Dora and her father passed into the restau-rant and Jack earned a second dollar by getting a new driver for his passenger's coupe. He passed and repassed the restaurant in an unsuccessful attempt to get another glimpse of the woman he loved, before he even satisfied

It was dark before he went back to his little room and stationed himself once more at his window to gaze at the lights in the Goldthwait mansion. He was filled with a condict of love and pride. He had no reason to believe that Dora had not forgotten him, but his love for her was as strong as ever. He longed to go to her, but the knowledge of his poverty and shabbiness kept him back,

The windows of the great old dining-room were bright with light and their raised curtains gave him a clear view of the place. He saw left an everlasting impression of her love for dried in fine sawdust from boxwood. Fine T was a November her flitting about the table as of old, putting the pomps and vanities of this world, in spite sawdust is too oily to be used successfully in night. The city was the finishing touches on an arrangement of of the fact that her reign was known as "The the drying process. At some stores boxes of ablaze with lights. fruits and flowers. He could see her plainly. Golden Days of Good Queen Bess," and that sawdust to be used for drying jewelry are for The first snow had She looked even younger and more beautiful than she had that afternoon in her heavy street

Half an hour passed, and some one else came | wigs, paints and powders, buckram stays, and into the room-a tall, handsome man. Dora seemed to forget her household duties, for she New York, were hung on the man's arm and seemed to plead with him. At last he sat down, and then still In muffled silence a young man, cloak- another person came int it was Mr. Goldthwait. ited her court, describes her as a gracious and embroider it only with a big, plain initial or less and gloveless, hurried by the iron bars that They sat by the fire, with Dora between them. intelligent woman withal. She was then in initials in one corner. fence in the little acre of the rich toward his | She was talking earnestly, and the handsome stranger seemed to be listening intently. Occasionally Jack could see that Mr. Goldthwait No one knew very much about him, except spoke. Then Dora would beam with happy that he was a thriftless, indolent genius. smiles. Suddenly she jumped up from her When his father died the fortune that might | seat, and a moment later when she returned have gone to him had endowed certain she had in her hands a fluttering manuscript. She read it. The old smile played about her

lips. The gestures waved the graceful hands. near her once mere-must bear her voice again yards away, was a figure in white flowing had one friend, Dora Goldthwait. She was a Clasping the strong, dry stalk, Jack descended. beautiful girl, several years his junior, who until he stood on the fence so dear to his mem-lived in the house adjoining his father's, and ory. Softly he crept along until he reached ory. Softly he crept along until he reached every day one or the other would climb the the little veranda at the rear of the Goldfence that separated them and drop over into | thwait mansion, and peering through the win-Among those holding this solemn vigil was in his distorted imagination, that was that it the little yard for a romp. Dora was proud of dow he feasted his eyes on the face of the girl

Jack was overcome as he saw again all the little details of the rooms which once had been so familiar to him. He bowed his head. He

Langdon was the name of the English actor The children were inseparable until Jack to whom Jack had sent his play, and as Dora's sweet voice read on, Jack realized that it was The climax was rendered with telling effect.

> "Capital! Capital!" cried Langdon. Jack was filled with intense excitement. His hands were clinched. "Do you accept it?" asked Dora, triumph-"I do," was the reply. "It is the comedy

"I will write to him to-night, then," said from Dora asking him to come home at once, a story that will explain why I was so anxious

Jack listened breathlessly. "You see," said Dora, "I used to have a went abroad I wrote to him, but he did not answer my letters. I lost sight of him, but I did not lose my-well, my regard for him." "A splendid fellow," interrupted Mr. Gold-

"There never was one like him." said Dors. Then she went on: "Well, when we reached New York last week father and I began to look him up, and we found in the first place that delayed in the mails. At home he found his the reason he had not answered my letters was because his father, who was angry at both of us, had intercepted them; in the second place, that father and son were never reconciled, and that the old gentleman disinherited Jack when he died, and in the third place that Jack had been ever since barely making a living out of literary work and trying to get some one to produce his plays.

"We finally got track of him this morning, and this morning also I saw the manuscript of this play lying on the table where you had left it when you brought it up from the theater. The words 'By John Fleming' caught my at-It seemed to me so strange that I made up my mind that you shouldn't send it back without reading it, so I read it to you myself. And now I shall send for Jack to morrow, and when he comes I shall have good news for him. And

-for me, you see. So I am very happy." There was a noise of an opening window, and Jack, wild-eyed and unkempt, but very joyful, stepped in. For a moment they did not recognize him, but when they did-

"Well," said Mr. Langdon, "this climax

They are not Poor.

[Gripsack.] An Englishwoman, describing a visit to an extensive gold mine in Victoria 25 years ago. says that many of the workers in the mine of money or how to spend it.

Many of those who can count their money by thousands live in the same little shanties which they built on first coming to the diggings. They treat their friends on every possitown buy for their wives the most expensive dresses they can find. Few of them have any higher idea of the pleasures or the advantages or even the comforts to be attained by the pos-

session of wealth. As illustrating the characteristics of such men, a gentleman told me this story: He arrived at a port in Australia, and finding no one who looked like a porter by profession to take his portmanteau to the hotel, he said to a rough-looking man who was standing on the wharf with his hands in his pockets:

"Here, my man, if you'll take this up to the hotel for me I'll give you half-a-crown." The man scowled at him, took a couple of sovereigns out of his pocket, threw them into the sea, turned away without a word and marched off with the most contemptuous expression on his face.

> What Edison Proposes to Do. [New York World.]

Photography of the heavens has revealed stars invisible to the naked eye or through the telescope, and now Mr. Edison is thinking of a phonograph to catch sounds unheard by the human ear. Once captured by the wax cylinders of the phonograph these sounds will be way again. For the second time that evening returned to the listener intensified to a degree his heart stood still. Behind the soft lace cur- sufficient to make them easily audible. In the tains of the Goldthwait mansion shadows of matter of inventions it is a curious fact that people flitted to and fro. The house was in. Prof. Bell's latest device of importance, the pipes, was suggested to him by observing a plumber's apprentice endeavoring to find a leak grier than he had ever been before in his by means of a small steel rod which he held in

A Plausible Story. [New York Weekly.]

Lady-Why are you wandering around the country, I should like to know, instead of staying at home and taking care of your family? Tramp-You see, mum, my wife had a very good servant-girl-a regular jewel, mum. "That doesn't seem possible."
"There never was but one perfect girl, and

my wife had her, mum." "Mercy! What a lucky woman!" "Yes, mum, so my wife often said. But, you see, mum, the girl didn't like me." "She didn't?"

her choice of Civilization, and receives the

autograph copy before the holidays.

"O, I see. Here's some money." Kate-If you dare to kiss me again I shall call aunty. Jack-Don't trouble yourself; I kissed her as I came in. Beautiful Holiday Books.

Sherwood's new book, "Dream of the Ages," a patriotic poem celebrating the achievements of patriotic subjects. "Dream of the Ages" is a picture of the conflict between Civilization

sonages and make them never-to-be-forgotten. Fine fligree work in silver can best be

immense wardrobe are as much a matter of suitable presents for a man than for a woman, record as the history of her successful Govern- of course. A suggestion, merely, is to make a ment. Hentzner, a German traveler, who vis- big, soft cushion, cover it with dark silk and

It is a very much more difficult thing to find

Elizabeth, England's maiden sovereign, has scrubbed lightly with a soft brush and then

left an everlasting impression of her love for dried in fine sawdust from boxwood. Pine

Shakspere and Spencer both wrote of her, and | sale.

that men and writings flourished. Her 80

her 65th year, but evidently was the same old Elizabeth still, as fond of magnificence as in | It is a great fancy nowadays to trim white her younger days. "Her face oblong, fair, but gowns with trimmings in dainty colors. In wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleas- the illustration the gown is of white silk ant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, crepon. Around the hem of the long, plain and her teeth discolored-a defect which the skirt is a thick ruching of silk in very faint English seem subject to from their too great use | pink and white colors; a similar ruching fin-It maddened Jack. He felt that he must be of sugar. She had in her ears two pearls with ishes across the top of the low-necked waist. very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that The belt is of pink and white ribbons, and the red; upon her head she had a small crown, shoulder knots are of the ribbons with knot of and around her throat a necklace of exceeding | the pink silk. The sleeves reach only to the

They are made after a loose princesse pattern, with no pretense to hating it into the figure in

The new Empire skirt consists of four

breadths. A straight breadth a yard wide is

placed at the front; a similar one makes the

back. The sides are triangularly shaped-s yard

wide at the bottom-sloping gradually to a point at the top. The top of the skirt is only

two yards wide, while the bottom is four. The

fulness is mostly in the back, although there is

The bath-robes or flannel room-gowns made

of the dainty eider-down flannel, or some soft

wool, are very dainty and also comfortable.

some little in front and at the sides.

front, with the back trained to a comfortable length, for there is no doubt that a long gown is most comfortable. At the waist these gowns are held in by the long, thick girdles loosely knotted. A very pretty trimming for them at the throat and wrists is wide ruffles of the flannel embroidered and buttonholed with the color of the stripes or figures in the goods. Pink and white or blue and white are favorite colors. These robes may be simply bound with

In making underwear there are two ways of finishing the seams; one is to fell them, the other to sew them in French seams, which is really only another kind of felling. In felling a seam it is first sewn up in the usual way, then one edge of the goods is trimmed off quite close to the seam. The other side is folded over and hemmed down with fine stitches. This is a much daintier way of finishing than the French seams. It makes the seam flatter and neater, but it also requires much more work and time. The French seam is made by first sewing it up with the raw edges turned on the right side. These are trimmed neatly off, and then the seam i turned and sewed up in the usual way with seam on the wrong side. In the first sewing it is well to make the seam wide enough that it may not pull out, for a French seam locks particularly bad with the rough edges showing.

Hickory-nut macaroons can be made the same way-making the kernels into a paste. With them also a full pound of sugar is re-

Pipe-clay moistened and diligently applied will clean many spots from wall paper.

A very pretty and easily-made gift, one that a society girl with her numerous engagements might appreciate, is made from a series of pansies, for thoughts, seven in number, so arranged that they form little pockets, wherein may be slipped the cards or memoranda of the engagements for the days. The pansies, exactly alike is size and shape, are three and one-half inches long and three inches wide. They are cut from heavy paper, of the kind used for water-color painting. soft silk, and the ribbons on the shoulders are and one-half inches across near the center of each pansy. Then, with water-color successful not only in a financial way, but also paints, each pansy is in promoting fun; therefore it has advantages colored, the top one a as means of an entertainment to raise funds very pale purple tint, for some church or charitable entertainment. Every woman provides a basket in which is packed a luncheon consisting of crackers, meats, or whatever individual taste may decide

sandwiches, cakes, tarts, salads, jellies, cold

upon. She decorates her basket as prettily as

possible and gets up an appetizing little lunch-

bearing her name. The men bid for the bas-

kets, not knowing the owner; the highest

bidder of course gets the one he wishes. He

finds the card, seeks out the packer, and then

treats her and himself to the luncheon. The

baskets are sold in one room and in another are

tables already arranged for the luncheon. Here

is another chance for individual taste to assert

itself in the table-furnishings, making them as

dainty and fresh as china and linen well can

be. It is best to have some jolly man auction

A recipe for codfish balls reads: Take a piece

of codfish-not the boneless kind, have it

picked, and then boil it until it is soft; boil the

potatoes in a separate pan; mash the potatoes

and codfish together until the mixture is as

fine as it can possibly be: take a large lump of

butter and add enough milk to make it mix

well; mold it in little balls ready to be fried.

It is very much better to make the balls the

day before. The proportions are about as fol-

lows: To three pounds of codfish take five

pounds of potatoes, three eggs, one-quarter

pound of butter, and milk enough to mix it

Fringes are again in style. They have not

been "out" very long, nor very completely,

but now they appear in full glory. Spiked,

chenille or of silk-all kinds of fringes are

Froebel, the great kindergarten teacher, says

that the best plaything for a baby is a round.

red ball about the size of a large peach. The

with red yarn, and then covered with a case

made of the varn crochetted in button-hole

stitch. Froebel's idea is that the round, perfect

off the baskets.

thoroughly.

and then each one a shade darker until the lowest one is of the deepest color. A satin ribbon one and one-half inches wide is run through the slits, in each pansy showing a narrow band across the center, whereon is lettered, with very dark purple color, the day of the week. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday too, for girls sometimes have engagements or "dates," as the girls last Winter called them, for that day as well as for the week days, although it may be of a different nature. The ribbon is of a shade of purple neither very dark nor very light, but just medium.

An artistically-arranged window had at the top, above the curtain-pole, a narrow shelf railed in with brass rods. On the shelf were several odd plates and vases in blue delf ware. The inside curtains, of white muslin, were



shape, bright color, and ease with which it is crossed over, and with their frilled edges set in motion are all a helpful delight to the looked very pretty. Over these were long, baby, and that the ball is as much better for straight curtains of blue-and-white crope that him than a wriggling, grotesque jumping-jack fell from the rod to the floor. Across the sill mentally as bread and butter is better for him | was built a little shelf just the width of the than cake physically. And as Froebel has given one above. It was also painted white, and the cleanel with castile soap and warm water, but | the subject of the baby's growth and needs his | two or three potted plants were in pets of the

ELSIE POMEROY MCELEOY.

fine jewels. Her hands were small, her fingers | elbow, where they are met by the long gloves. long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her | The gown would be pretty in black or in white beats anything in your play."-New York Press. | air was stately, her manner of speaking mild | with other color or colors, for often two dainty and obliging. That day she was dressed in | shades are united in the ruches, and the ribwhite silk, shot with silver thread, and em- bons may carry out the idea or show only one broidered with pearls; her train was very long, of the colors. the end of it borne by a Marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and Another pretty gown is made after much were shareholders and very rich. Few of them jewels. As she went along, in all this state and the same plan as the picture, but instead of seemed to have the slightest idea of the value | magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first | the girdle has a prettier Empire sash of the Two narrow slits one to one, then to another, in English, French, and Italian, for, besides being well skilled in | continued down in broad bands to the waist | long and a quarter of Greek, Latin, and the languages I have men- under the sash. The waist is gathered quite an inch wide, are cut tioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch and | fully across the band under the ruching. A "Mugby Junction Tea Party" is usually

ble occasion, and when they go to the nearest | Dutch. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling; now and then she raises so ne with her hand. When petitions were presented to her she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth!' She answered it with 'I thank you, my good people." The favorite way of arranging the hair is low on the neck. It makes the face look

younger than the higher coiffures. The hair is parted, waved on either side, and twisted around in a roll, or it is combed back without | eqn, for the baskets are to be sold at auction. any parting, with a narrow bang falling over | and in one corner, tucked out of sight, is a card the forehead. One way to make this knot is to coil the bair around once loosely, then pull what is left of the strand through the coil, fastening it over and then under the coil. Sometimes coiling it round and round makes it look like a doughnut or cinnamon-roll, and

this tving a knot in the hair, as it practically is, does away with that effect. It depends both on the shape of the head and the amount of hair as to the most becoming twist. Also, some "No, mum. She said my wife would have girls have to tie the hair up from the neck a jetted, threaded with iridescent beads made of to discharge her or me, so she discharged me." little in order to make it stay in place. The hair is prettier if twisted and fastened rather seen once more.

> Among the books in the list of those every girl should read, is given Scott's "Ivanhoe," but it would be well to add "Kenilworth" as | ball is made of cotton-batting wound round a story of Elizabeth, and "The Abbot" and "The Monastery," as the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, her beautiful, or at least fascinating.

These historical novels bring out more personally, if not more accurately, the historic per-

if it be very much discolored a few drops of concentrated attention, his opinion is worthy same blue-and-white ware. ammonia are needed. The silver should be of respect.